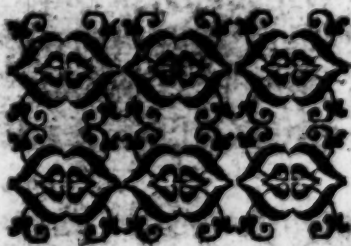


THE
Poore Mans passions.

AND
Pouerties Patience.

Written by Arthur Warren.
Anno. Dom. 1605.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for R. B. and are to
be sold in Paules Church-yard,
at the signe of the Sun,

1

[Faint, illegible markings]



To his kindest Fauou- rer Maister *Robert Quarme.*

(...)

D Issemble not Pen, paint thy naked mind,
Draw the Anatomy of perfit loue,
And though Fortune to slender meanes thee bind,
Affectionate yet to thy Patron proue;
And tell thy friend, if Pouerty may steede,
He shall not faile to finde a friend at neede.

Giue him thy Passions, and thy Patience,
And in them both include thy louing hart,
Inuite him to thy Contents Residence,
And feast him there, to answere his desert:
That hast no Currant him to satisfie,
But loue, affection, and gratuity.

Europe hath Owners in possession placed,
Asia for her Subiects taketh care,
Affrica her Inhabitants hath graced,
America hath not a foote to spare,
And Indigence will not make thy Release,
Till some of these Possessioners de cease.

To his Friend.

Tell him, the Hand, that did this Pen direct,
If serviceable, shall on him attend;
Tell him, the Hart, that doth his love affect,
By prayers his Humanity defend:
Tell him, that Passions must his Patience craue,
Till Pouerty a richer Nature haue.

Arthur Warren.



The poore Mans passions.

TRagicall Hart, inuectiue tearmes collect,
Perturbe the passion of the worldly minde,
Deluding Objects of Content reiect,
Counterfeit pleasures in a bundell binde,
And ouer-whelme them midst the Oceans waue,
Or them interre in some Cymmerian caue.

Resigne possession of regardlesse Toyes,
That hoodwinke thee in downefalles of distresse,
Though in apparance superficiall ioyes,
Yet tryed proue but Counterpanes of blesse:
He not bestowe perusing on that lease,
Whose expir'd Date doth at the sealing cease.

I Caitife, Cressus Royaltie disclayme,
Discarding golden Crassus choicest store,
With Enuies darts at Epicures I ayme,
And Diues Sumptuousnes I disadore;
For tell the Porter of the proudest state,
I scorne to knock at the securest gate,

B.

Yet

The poore Mans passions

Yet lowest Fortunes crosse my lofty minde,
And apprentize my thoughts to seruile lawe,
VVhich Nature to her Pupils ne'er assignde,
And all to curbe my grand Conceits in awe;
Such as lawlesse Necessities impose,
To gall the shoulder that this yoke would lose.

I liue, yet loth to lead this lothsome life,
I breath, yet doe suspire with painfull breath,
I stirre, yet storme to manage tedious strife,
And I shall die vntested in my death,
Doubting least mine Executors refuse
The statute of my Testament to vse.

vvhile Crosse and Losse doe countermand desire,
vvhile will with want conioines a Combating,
As powerfull to set the Seas on fire,
Making the most gainst Patience to repine,
That ill Successe in worlds unhappie state,
Makes haplesse man much more vnfortunate.

To controuerse with mine Aduersity,
Is but with vnarm'd Brest to pierce a sword;
And so Philautus shall doe iniury
Vnto himselfe, by his selfe-wild discord:
And yet these Oppositions who can brooke,
That with one eye, or halfe a face doth looke?

and Pouerties Patience.

Can Flesh and Bloud, that loues to braue the best,
Pocket these wrongs and bury such abuse?
And can Humanity these pilles digest,
Or like Melancholists get some Recluse,
To make their Orizons in Saturnes eare,
That sitting dumbe doth mute petitions heare?

A man's a man, though he haue but a face,
A beardlesse face the world for to controule,
But I in cloke depriud of gard and lace,
Poore patches for my fortunes must inrole,
To signifie vnto the Earth, what lor,
The Lack-lands of our lower House haue got.

To monarchize a wretches woofull state,
Importeth prowesse, though but little power,
Once to commaund the world seemes fortunate,
Though but a VVorld conceived for an houre,
Indigents may abound though but in dreames,
Fortune Flowes not to all in Fauours streames.

Demi-god Argent, and the Silver Saint
Passengers in their trauell must protect,
And with the Tauerner their needes acquaint,
The Penniless no choise of Innes elect;
Hunger and Thirst needes must we wars proclaime,
And try the Combat, though we take the maim.

The poore Mans passions

Phisitian Gold doth fortifie the lame,
VVith Argus eyes illuminates the darke,
Skilleth to shrowd Sinners apparant shame,
In ships of Siluer safe we may imbarke,
To cut the Seas, and crosse by eu'ry coast,
In peace to take all Harbours for our hoast.

In vaine the Monyleffe their mones confesse,
In vaine the wealthlesse doe their wants repeat,
In vaine the wretches warble their distresse,
In vaine the miserable doe intreat,
For helping hands the Needy to relieue,
Or mercies minds their much and good to giue.

To sue, sollicite, begge, beseech, intreate,
To smooth, sooth, flatter, and doe what thou skillest,
To malice, menace, mischief, storme, and threat,
But VVorlds vacuity with ayre thou fillest:
Requests nought feed the siluer-sucking minde,
No Penny doth no Pater Noster finde.

Loue liues by losse, Don Luere all commaunds,
Pittifull Complaints, dolefull passions Sound,
But are not tuned by relieuing hands,
VVhile miseries are weakeft Moriues found;
Sonne durifies father, father loues Sonne,
And all is for Consideration done.

and Pouerties Patience.

O would I could by vertues of my voyce,
The Beggar from my presence but exile;
And on professions execute my Choise,
Or to desires my fortunes reconcile,
Then farewell whip, a fop hard to digest,
And Pill'ry, where men take but Pinch-cares rest.

I would not feare Freedome of Borrough townes,
Nor strictest Restraints of immured wales,
Nor seuerer presence of Officious gownes,
Which with Commaunds commend vs to their hales,
To answere all Objects with cappe and knee,
And Abiects all the while reputed bee.

Vppon our Doome the dull'ft will whet his braine,
If Fortunes Flower but beginne to fade,
The rau'nous Cormorants will vs constraîne
A Common top for scourges to be made,
Lamigers creepe to set on foote our harme,
The Blind to view our woes about vs swarme.

Poorelings but Caterpillers they account;
Their profits destinated to deuoure,
That Seas of sorrowes shall our Soules surmount,
VWhile Pride gainst Poore doth floods of malice poure,
Adiudging vs but Burthens of the Earth,
And Canker-wormes increasing Countries dearth.

The poore Mans passions

7

Beares Armes gainst Peace, besieging our Contents,
Mustre the troupes of controuersing minds,
And of our Martyrdomes make monuments,
Testifie their degenerating kinds,
Vnnaturalizing peruersest harts,
To scandalize our lawdable Defarts.

New-gate, the worst gate, they protest too good,
Coldly to entertaine such goldlesse guests,
These Cowards durst exhaust a Beggers blood,
And tyrannize in hindring our requests;
Our serious expectations crosse with toyes,
Plant obstacles to intercept our ioyes,

Helpe Heauens; poore Harts poore plaints may poure
To carelesse shores, and to relentlesse rocks,
Man is mans Wolfe, for man would man deuoure,
vvhile Brother from Brother compassion locks,
Yet Trees him shade midst Sol-in-leas heate,
Beasts minister him foode to be his meate.

The Chrifall fountaines quench the thirst of man,
The Dogges vse dalliance, and on him attend,
The Oxe drawes, and the Asse doth what he can,
The flocks with fleeces him from cold defend,
Yet goes it gainst the hayre with him to spare,
The solace, which might cure his Brothers care.

Vnrea-

and Pouerties Patience.

Vnreasonable Creatures can him show,
And sencelesse things in silence can bewray
Duty, which to his Neighbours he doth owe,
Though deafe, blind, and hard-barked thus he stray,
And hath such Mydas eares, as will not heare,
Though thence his Error to the world appeare.

Man without many helps can hardly liue,
Although his fields of acres know none end,
Yet doth it worse then cut his throat to giue,
To Impotents, to Indigents to lend:
Fondling, forget't thou how thou borrow'st still
That hard'nest thus thine Adamantine will?

Diggers, and Dikers, Drudges, Carters, Swaines,
Sheepheards, and Cowards, friend thee at thy neede,
The poorest persons worke thy richest gaines,
Thy Drop sicke with Commodities to feede,
Coblers, and Curriers, Tinkers, Tanners all
Support thy state, else would thy fortresse fall.

It's worke tyme-worthy to obserue the wayes
Of Worldlings, how prepost'rously they liue,
That will not helpe, yet want helps all their dayes,
That without gifts liue not, yet will not giue.
O brazen fronts, o iron-metled harts,
Whose quiuers surfet with discourteous darts.

And

The poore Mans passions.

And all's to royallize their Progeny,
And eternize their Names in Mammons bookes,
Register their time-eaten Dignity,
Catch the Circumference in golden hookes,
Make Ignorance subscribe vnto their will,
Perswade the Blind, the valley is a hill.

Summon a Parliament, which may haue power
To contradict fulelesse Necessity,
Endowe Needs Daughter with conuenient Dower,
To extirpate the roots of misery,
And ruinate the edifice of wants,
In Pleasures plots to set Contentments plants.

Beggery men contemptible doth thake,
Rags with Robes assume no Society,
Irus with Cressus neuer hands did thake,
Tokens of Vnion to testifie:
The Patch with Purple nere acquaintance tooke,
Nor Siluerlesse suits with the Lawiers booke.

The widowe VVant sojournes at low-streets end,
VVhile Monstier Mony purchaseth a place,
His Consistory midst the towne to spend,
Mongst Magistrates, Monarchs of greatest grace;
VVhile to the Rich the world a Lورشip giues,
Pouerty alwaies vndertenant liues.

and Pouerties Patience.

O rich VVorlds Darling, bigger thou dost abound
VVith treasures, pleasures, health, wealth, liberty,
Harts ease and thoughts with at a winke are found
Thy mutable Humours to satisfie,
All ioyes desir'd attend thee at a beck,
As though thou didst both fate and fortune check.

Little thou carest what cares I endure,
And lesse thou feel'st what force I suffer must,
My dolours can no rest from ruth procure,
VVhile as thou list thou canst agglut thy lust,
Flowing in Oceans of profoundest weakh,
VVhile wretch I want helpes to support my heahh,

My Palate dry, my lips seeme parch'd with thirst,
Belly thinkes throat cut through the lack of meate,
Yet Seconds strive not who shall be the first,
To minister meanes what to drinke or eate,
Small scraping mundifies my trenchers cleane,
I neede no Dyet to conserue me leane.

Phisicke farewell, thou neuer shalt take cure,
Gainst surfetting to practise remedy,
If seldome meale may make complexion pure,
Fairentle my formall face shall beautifie,
Make me Pigmations pictures counterfaite,
VVhile staruing stomacke for a crum doth waite.

C.

VVhen

The poore Mans passions

VWhen Thirst like Actnaes heat doth cause me craue,
Some slender potion Appetite to drowne,
And begging I sweet liquid cannot haue,
The Butler with his bowle so blacke doth frowne,
Then runne I to a Riuer, & faire Brooke,
How comfortable doth thy current looke:

There I in all Humility prostrate,
Bow'd on bare knees, and empty belly laide,
Sue for a suppe at kind Banks mercy-gate,
Where of the water I am not denaide;
Twixt lip and liuer, water wine is made,
To flourish life, which did commence to fade.

Thus solaced incontinent I rise,
Bowing in token of my thankfull hart,
VWith best Cursey, that Duty can deuise,
To gratifie the Runners kind desert:
Away I walke after this humble greete,
As though I quaffed had the Nectar sweete.

VWhen wooluish Hunger on my stomack gnawes,
Inuocates Custome Victu'alls to prouide,
Teeth ruminating on their empty iawes,
As if they durst no longer dull abide,
Sith Appetite precepteth them to dresse
For dying Nature some reuiuing messe.

Then

and Pouerties Patience.

Then I importune, and sollicite Cooke,
For one cold cut I tender him my loue,
VVith hollow eyes and fleshlesse cheekes I looke,
To pittie so the pittilesse to mooue:
VVith Egle wings he flies to lock the dore,
Is not at leasure to relieue the poore.

Thus doe these iron hands Compassion shut
From soules surcharg'd with sorrow through their neede,
vvho neuer helps vnto the helpleffe put,
Nor spare superfluous things our wants to feede,
vvhich swell with fat, surfeit with dainty fare,
Vnmindfull of their needy Neighbours care.

The Belly-god with gourmandizing full
Excludeth empy Appetite from minde,
Bibbers beere-swollen eyes with quaffing dull,
Thinke they can no where any thirsting find,
Gluttons in Lethe lake drowne Penury,
Drunkards imagine no throat to be dry.

Midst this perplexity I make my mone
To God, to man, man nor regarding God,
I sigh in sorrow, and in griefe I grone,
Scourged with Persecutions piercing rod,
O it's a Hell on earth all to indure,
VVhich dayly men to mischief men procure.

The poore Mans passions

Nature, that first gaue life, decreed a lawe,
That Mortalls Earths-fruities should in Common hold,
When Tymes Corruption private profit saw,
Things gratis given must be bought and sold,
And then Division stirred for a store,
To marre what golden Age had made before.

This seeing I all Adams sonnes forsake,
Ominous seeming in their odious sight,
And to my Meditations me betake,
To seeke the Cause, why they denie me right:
Such Difference I find twixt store and dearth,
That Rich count Beggers Bastards of the Earth.

Because we are not elder Brethren borne,
Apparant Heyres to earthly Heritage,
Hence haucie VVorlds Inheritors vs scorne,
As not begon in lawfull Marriage,
The harme is ours, the injury was theirs,
To take all, ere we borne were to be Heires.

These monster-natur'd People I forswear,
And to mismembred Syluane Saryres goe,
Pouring my plaints into their brutish eare,
So making them familiar with my woe;
I warble forth a vvretches dolefull cryes,
To proue what pnty in their bowels lyet.

These

and Pouerties Patience.

These lodge a better Bounty in their Brest,
These Heathen harbour more Humanitie,
One may in surer safety with them rest,
Than with his Brethren full of Tyrannie,
They will conduct you to their mossy caue,
VVhere part of their provision you may haue.

This moon'd the prudent Hermits to forsake
Country, Acquaintance, Parents, linings, land,
And in the VVildernes a Cell to make,
vvhere they secur'd from iniuries might stand;
Though mosse, not downe they vsd in sted of bed,
And were with hips and hawes for Dainties fed.

It's Ease enough, whereas may lodge Content,
It's cheere enough, where Nature is suffis'd,
It's Right enough, whereas no wrong is ment,
It's loue enough, where no hate is deuic'd,
Better to liue alone in peace and rest,
Then mongst the multitude, and be oppress.

My fourged VVits doe waue with strange desires,
VVhen Melancholy doth these planets mote,
My Soule to be a Solitarie requires,
Intreats Earths Center for some place remote,
There could I draw sweet and contented breath,
vvhere friends faine not, nor foes pretend my death.

The poore Mans passions

The Clifts, the Rocks, the steepy Roughes, and Dales,
The Mountaines, Promontories, Harbours, Plaines,
Inhabitable Islands, Creekes, and vales,
Estranged Continents, resortles Maines,
Groues, Desolations, and vntroden waies
My wandering steps with weary pace assaies.

Some vnfrequented woods I seeke to find,
Some vnkowne Desarts iourney I to see,
vwhat Solitarines hath there assign'de
For such, as her Inhabitants shall be,
The Earth I suruey for the secret'st field,
To proue what entertainment it may yeild.

I meet with Lynx, and with the Lyon fell,
vvith beassly Beares, Tygres of Hyrcanie,
Calidons Bore, like Cerberus in Hell,
That wrongs and wounds all Persons passing by,
The Bafan Bulls, the Irish vvoolues I see,
All which impose no violence on mee,

The Lynx, that is the clearest Beast of fight;
Seemeth to shed a showre of Christall teares,
The Lyon, Monarch for his matchlesse might,
Offers no force, to load my life with feares,
Tygres are tame, Bulls hurt me not with horne,
vvoolues are like Lambs by them I am not torne.

My

and Pouerties Patience.

My misadventures doe them all amaze,
Of mine Afflictions they remaine in awe,
On my mishaps, and my misfortunes gaze,
As though they so strange objects neuer saw,
So forlorne-like I passe, so vile so base,
That they relent to view my ruthfull case.

Thus I with eyes of farre-discerning mind,
Home-ward conuert a distort Countenance,
In esperance acquaintance some to find,
vvhich might eye-witnes vnexpected chance,
Earths Cormorant, heere to thy scandal see
The mercy, which the mercifull shew me.

Maske thy hard forehead, to obscure thy shame,
Viewing vnreasonable Creatures kind,
That sauage, wild, and brutish are by name,
And yet by Nature of a better mind,
Then thou, that dost thy selfe a monster make,
vvhile that a Beast doth mans Idea take.

Yet Genius hath framed thee a man,
Time and Experience ioynd assisting hand,
Arte hath perform'd, what knowledge practise can,
And all is but to number Ocean's sand,
It seemes Impossibility to bee,
To make a Metamorphosis of thee.

Thou

The poore Mans passions

Thou wilt not alter, but from Haue to Hold,
From catch to keepe, from much to gather more,
From Cottages to farmes, from lead to gold,
From Competence into superfluous store,
Thy Nature nought to such but enuie yeilds,
As haue a meadow greener then thy fields.

VWhat i't to begge, but to be counted base?
VWhat i't to borrow, but to be denide?
When Poore are respal'd, they learne Ploydons case,
And must for recompence content abide,
Yet giue the Rich but an vncourteous looke,
It prooues a forscie by their statute booke.

It's wrong to them, if any pleasant liue:
It's paine to them, if any sit in ease:
It's grieve to them, if any one doe thrue:
It's death to them, if any them displease:
They doe prohibit that a horse should beare,
But golden him, that siluer spurs doth weare.

Degrading vs with contumelious spelles,
They touch, attach, and summon vs with shames,
To our discredit ring reprochfull bells,
And Catalogue vs with inhumane names,
Vagabonds, varlets, villaines, vassalls, slaues,
Rogues, Caterpillers, Runnagates, and knaues.

and Poverty's Rationall

O Heavens, yee have heard these wretches' cries,
 Earth is eare-witness of these injuries,
 Produc'd to punish, and depose the poore,
 With more then sufferable villanies,
 That mangle pangs, and desperate cry,
 And death it is, that wretches may not die.

Goods, Cattles, Fees, Lands, Treatments, and gold,
 Issues, Rents, Profits, Fines, and Casualties,
 Worlds Argonauts from other whelming hold,
 Midst Flouds, Rocks, Seas, and gulfes of miserie,
 While Poore betwixt the path doth weare,
 Bucephalus must Alexander beare.

For in wealth consists worlds Nobility,
 Honour, Preferment, friendship, love, and ally,
 Birth, Learning, Vertue, is but beggary,
 Least hap it hath to find the golden ball:
 VVho is the Lord, but he, that hath the luck;
 VVho is the man, but he, that hath the muck?

If Asses thus to Honours height ascend,
 Load but with silver burthens, golden pend,
 If Manhood thus on Mouzables depend,
 VVhich having this all other merits lack,
 Then Glory shall detain Defiance reward,
 And vertues will not Chastitie regard.

D.

Then

The poore Manifestions

Then mought the Ladies may A while abide,
 And hold a Disaffe, or ruine Carpe Knight;
 Vlisses may his mindes made ptelegue,
 And plow the sands, and in his home delight
 To Cowardize the nobles Cowardize;
 Mars sit in dignitie in Honour's field;

Customs maintain the Ambition Kings,
 Or chang'd, for better reformation with;
 Good Friday high the Upon by the wings,
 While Easter day is feasted but with fish,
 The Poore must Rich men's meale is sow'd to fasty
 And still into the Sea to waite cast

VVho presents Poverty with piny or bught,
 Pining in Perity, naked with neede;
 Venison and Fatting to the Rich, are brought,
 Jewells and iems the rich delight to feede;
 VVheret for gifts, but to the wealthy hand?
 VVho sit in Chaires, but they that best might stand?

All to the tune of Arse ver sie goes,
 Cart drawes the Horse, them both the Diuell drives;
 Mens publique friends conuers to priuate foes,
 And these wounds most the harmlesse Patient grines,
 The vvealthy best the vvealthier suoth to might,
 But they'll no wrong accept, nor proffer right;

and Patient's Patience. T

Couzen Diogenes, didst thou survive
 Mine hart were freed from all kind of care,
 If Pilgrim, thou couldst prosperously drive,
 Midst the Caniculars of our lucklesse yeares,
 Couldst thou fadge with the yworld in thy state,
 I would thee for example take.

Remember, how they once did Dogge thee name,
 Now Curre, and worse then ill, they would thee call,
 Bannish thy presence to thy future shame,
 Not spare a tub to cover thee with all,
 But intercept the Sun from warming thee,
 If them thou find such, as they proove to mee.

The shestring Hedge personates Beggars house,
 The trees, the fields, and bushes are his mates,
 Some silly Baucis poore, Philemons spowse,
 Forgotten and forgone of greater states,
 His Rayment, Ragger, indecency his lace,
 The Rent his Cut, his habits so disgrace.

The Cynick once with Candle in his hand,
 At noone came in Macedonia sought,
 Where he Surveyour of the spacious land,
 He scarcely should deserv a courteous thought,
 That had Compassion to commiserate,
 The Indigence of some distressed state.

The poore Mans passions

This frozen-hearted Age is coldly loue,
That Charity extinguished is found,
Beneficence but vaine flourish proues,
VWhile Promise doth but expectation found,
All are content to follow Dignitie,
Yet few will Parents be of Countie.

Had I but honour, all I would aduance:
Had I but wealth, I would enrich the poore:
Or strength, I would the weakest countenance:
Or had I skill, I would secure the lore:
There should no penny of reward be nam'd,
Till I had made strength, wealth, and Art a sham'd.

Is't not a shame to Humanity,
That monie should thus tyrannize on earth?
Or Niggardize our fames indigne,
And on the faculties stile needfull death?
The Arts are liberal, then why should price,
Bury such gifts in obscure silence?

VWhat Penury of Paper Seruicers find:
VWhile Bills, and Bonds, Indemnures, Leases, Deeds,
The worldlings to their words performance bind?
Though no Promise for Reliefe of needs,
The Poore bare Echoes are content to take,
VWhile Rich with waxe and writings bargain make.
VWhile

and Pouerties Patience.

VVhile writs and vvarants, Executions, Rests,
Lurke like Hyenna, Debits to apprehend,
vvhile carefull Creditors perturb their brest,
In secrecie their Messengers to send
Vnto the Bank-rupt, that hath broken day,
And doth not lettie, what he ought to pay.

These troubles are become so common trade,
That Shoulder-catching doth the vnthrif gall:
Such Custodies for Euidences made,
That they deuoure the timber, Steele, and all;
They must haue double gates before their doore,
To stop the false, and to expell the poore.

The Needy no key, lock, chest, closet lack,
They without artificiall continent,
Include in Belly, and support on back,
vvhath Heauen giues, or niggard Earth hath lent,
No folds for flockes, no treasuries for gold,
But they haue present vse, that all can hold.

Deneers not Duckats are the Summes we make,
Pence and not pounds the charges we bestowe,
Slender dole, and no large Donations take,
Gratuity, the payments which we owe;
Yet vvorldly Pompe, which doth our eies allure,
Suggests, we should not this disgrace indure.

The poore Mans passions

Coniecture what we thinke, when we behold,
A vvealth-enabled worldling, to abound
VVith rings, and precious things, with gilt, and gold,
As such a second vvorthy were not found:
How true suppose yee produces our Poore-mans ey,
vvhen all these trinkets and trim, it doth espy.

How faine it would relinquish homely head,
And riuet to Objects so faire in sight;
VVhose robes and plumes so gloriouse are spread,
The gazers to amaze with rare delight!
My dearest Treasures should be cheaply sold,
To buy a minute, these Rares to behold.

One of mine eyes to icopard could I brooke,
On filkes, scarfes, Sattans, iewells, bracelets, chaines,
On cuffes, and ruffes; and Nouelties to looke,
Although the price thereof procure my paines:
Such difference in my muck-blinded minde,
I betwixt their worth, and my want doe find.

One of their fingers craves more sumptuous cost,
Then all my Carkasse to inuest the same,
So glaz'd with gold, with pearle so imboss,
VVhose pricefull valew they at Hundreds name:
Almost I am perswaded, that it shall
Neuer to dust through times oppression fall.

For

and Pouerties Patientie.

For Iuries Solomon, that did abound
With rarest Ornaments, that Art had wrought,
Nor Scriptures Lilly, was for eall found,
To equallize what shewes they forth haue brought;
To make beholders at these sights admire;
And the Ambitious hange on their desire.

Cæsar, whose troupes enforc'd the Earth to grone,
VVith vvarriours waight in his triumphant daies,
Numbred no more to gard his regall throne,
Then doe attend the Rich in all affaies;
For all the Earth is theirs to be inioyd,
And all the world are theirs to be imployd.

The vvinters frost nips not the Rich with colde;
Their purse prevention gainst all plagues procures;
Their steeds in stables stand, their flocks in folde,
The Poore (poore Harts) all Derriments indures;
VVealth neuer wrincheth grined with the gall,
Alas it's want, that euer feels the fall.

Bare Neede constraines the eldest foote to trot,
Through frost, through flint, through fire, through legges
Ice neuer too cold, neuer Sun too hot,
To worke our woe, and to increase our care;
Although Disease and Death our liues possesse,
VVealth stands vntoon'd to pittie our distresse.

But

The poore Mans passions

But with a Crucifie they on vs call,
But with their helpe they adde griefe vnto griefe,
But with their might they wrest vs to the wall,
But with their loues they leaue vs no reliefe,
Fie on that call, helpe, might, loue, and that deede,
vvhich makes our wounded hart the more to bleed.

But aske my flaffe, the witnes of my woes,
vvhhat crackes, what knockes, and strokes it hath indur'd,
As secret shield against professed foes,
By whom my blacke and blowes haue beene proctur'd;
It's worne, it's torne, spoil'd, and soild, & cut in twaine,
To weaken force, which would augment my paine?

But aske my Scrip, the Cubbord where I lay
My crusts, my crames, my Commons, victuals, meale,
And it my fortunes will in briefe bewray,
How niggardly with me thele Eastlings deale:
If fasting fare in diet I surmount,
For euer me an Hereticke account.

vvhile Aristippus in the Court doth feede,
And fatts his crammed Corps by flattery,
I in the Country entertaine my neede,
vvhith herbes and roots of Natures charity,
And for my private foode search common fields,
vvhich Contents Plenty in abundance yelde.

and Pouerties Patience.

I thinke how Heauens gave the Desolate
Manna, and Quailles, and Honie from the rockes,
Beautifide those harts unfortunate,
Open'd their Treasuries with Mercies lockes,
That though they Egypts garlick, onions lost,
They found prouision of a dearer cost.

If true, Elyas, that the Ravens brought
Such comfortable Nutriments of meate;
And so meanes of thy Suffentation wrought,
vhen thou hadst nought but secreties to eate.
Not daring in the worlds apparence stand,
Fearing Oppressions tyrannizing hand.

In aire Camelions foster vitall breath,
In flaming fires the Salamander feeds;
In Seas the Fish secure themselves from death:
Mowles in Earths bowells doe expell their needs:
Then will I not in doubtfull state despaire,
vwhile I may liue by water, fire, earth, aire.

These Cobs resemble Saturne, that deuour'd
The stone Abider in the Steele of Ioue;
And all the fouds of their desires are pour'd,
To make a Sea of what they chiefly loue:
They couet drosse, and doe contemne the gold,
Omit the good, which men by vertue holde,

E.

Yet

The poore Mans passions

Yet they themselves throwd in security,
Gainst aduerse Oppositions fortifide,
Beare Armes against that trouping miserie,
Which circumuents my Soule on eu'ry side:
They are not troubled with a touch of woe;
VVhile we midst Legions of misfortunes goe.

Seas, stormes, waues, tempests, and contrary wind,
Did poore shipman Armes euer crasse,
In calmest Ocean he did shipwracke find,
VVhich did conuert his weale into losse;
VVhile wealthy Marchants safely doe arrive,
And at their pleasure prosperously arrive.

Thus Passions get a habit in my life,
Making it tractable to Fortunes frowne;
VVhile we liue Souldiours in sinister strife,
Contending to attaine a Lawrell Crowne;
Yet Mercenaries find a time to rest,
vvhich is as much, as hapneth to the best.

Horace, did not Cobler Alphenus liue?
VVhy Vsurer Alphius did no more,
Yet though the Fates to all like breathing giue;
Fortune makes them not Stewards of like store;
The doubtfull lots are so vnequall found,
That some must want, while others doe abound.

The

and Pouerties Patience. T

The Seas Amalchi'um alwaies frozen stand,
vuant flagrant Phæbus to dissolve the same;
And poore are ever more depriv'd of land,
whose former lot the Senior worldlings came,
On the Philosophers stone they erect
The edifice, which chiefly they respect.

And they have power to turne Fortunes wheele,
As most contents their avaricious minde;
They skill choicest Commodities to seele,
Although their eies with earthly dust are blind;
Vnable to discern what royall thing,
vvhich doth enrich the Beggar, grace the King.

These Syssiphusians have a stone to turne,
A wandring thought to tumble vp and downe,
vwith Tantalus in expectation burne,
Cover the Country and affect the towne;
For what they stoop to take, too low doth lie;
And what they reach to catch, ascends too hie.

These with Anceus plant the sowing vine,
Hedge in their garden, Orchard, Hearbory,
Yet neuer tast of thein expected wine,
By Calidons bore interpreted die,
For Fates prevent them with their rustish wound,
Before the Sweete fruits of their sweats are found.

The poore Mans passions

Some Deianira venom'd shirts them send,
From worldly Iole to draw their loue,
That midst their mirth with misery they end,
Their harts from ioyes enjoying to remooue:
Then Hercules from reason ruins to rage,
And Death denies them of an elder age.

These Fatlings feast, while as I pooreling fast,
They dine, I pine; they sweetely sleepe, I wake:
They leaue, I lacke; I want, they plenty wast:
I seeke a crum, while choise of Cates they make,
Their fast is dearth of stomacke, not of meate,
Mine is because I haue not what to eate.

These are vainglorious, lewd, vnst in life,
Desperate, discontent in death they bee,
Sedition-sowers, stirrers vp of strife,
VWhile Heires for Inventories disagree,
These Purgatorians, though forgot in grate,
Ora pro nobis must remembred haue,

Funerall pomps, tombes, Ceremonies, Rites,
Epitaphes, month-minds, Dirges, Candelis, Bell,
Rabbles of irreligion, Flattering writes,
To intercept their passage into Hell,
Their Memories in Chronicles must liue,
YWhen Truth should them scandals sepulchre giue.

Yce

and Pouerties Patience.

Yet false teares stepdame-like their partings hate,
Of friends, acquaintance, Kindred, children, wife,
Srikes, cries, sighes, and sobs circumuent their graue,
Though death of one to twenty giueth life,
For many Soules are comforted with that,
VVherewith one Epicure fed one so far,

Might I heire to some Vsurer be found,
VVhose gorged chests surfer with cramming gold,
VVhose coffers with Commodities abound
So full, that they no sterling more may hold:
Rome Rascalls then make space and grace for me,
VVhereas my vvorship shall in person bee.

I would elect, Flaunt, Cut, and Swash for mates,
For choise Companions, pleasure, mirth, delight,
For equalls, Gentells, Honourables, States;
Ajax would not presume to prooue my might:
Mylo would beare his Bull, and let me goe,
Malitious Momus durst not be my foe.

Dignitie seeme inferiour, and too bad
To be my shadowe, Science would attend,
Inuention praetize Arts to make me glad,
Poetry my profession would commend,
Dutifull Loyalty would humbly greece
My Person, passing the prospicuous streete.

The poore Mans passions

But now the worst are censured too good,
The Miscreants, the Abiects, the forlorne,
Adiudging Basenes borne of better blood,
A corner of my Company doe scorne:
So odible an Object am I thought,
Contemn'd, forsaken, loth'd, and let at nought.

Yet Miser thus disparaged I liue,
Succour and meanes of maintenance to mee,
The heate, the ayre, the vwoods, and vvaters giue,
Though Fortunatelings hate it so to bee,
I borrow not, doubting to be denide,
I steale not fearing my life should be tride.

Come stasse, and manage mine vnhappy hand,
Scrip, guard my Shoulders, burthen light to beare,
Three merry mates we gainst the Sun will stand,
Solace to see, that comforts none can heare,
The lighter purse, the lesse the cares are found,
Hearke, while I whistle to the winds a round.

Arthur Warren.

POVERTIES

Patience.

Depart yee Discontents like Reprobates,
For Patience all Adversities indures,
In rarest Disposition imitates
Hearbe Panace, that all diseases cures,
Heales interne maladies of wounded minde,
And salues the sores that Phisicke saluesesse finds.

Credit not vaine Perswasion, that deludes
Fond Tractability with fallacies,
And such inducements forcibly intrudes
Into Credulitie with Sophistries,
That man, whom Reasons Index should direct,
Suggested is true iudgment to neglect.

Aske Contentation, what's Felicity,
And aske Felicity, what is Content,
Aske life, what is the death of misery,
And aske dumbe death, what makes life permanent:
Peruse the Contents of contented minde,
Thou nought, but Patience registred shalt find.

Tell

The poore Mans passions

Tell Expectation, Hap doth frustrate Hope,
Through frowning Fortunes fatall Accident:
Tell Auarice, Vertue hath larger scope,
VVhere to erect the Mansion of Content:
And tell Content, that Suffrance drew the plot,
Fit for foundation of so happy lot.

Tell India, that gold's but yellow earth:
Tell Greece, that words are but a breathed sound;
Tell Ceres, that all Plenties have their dearth;
Tell stoutest Troy, Hector is mortall found;
And tell thy selfe, that wealth, Art, store, and strength
Prooves frailty, want, errour, and neede, at length.

Discretion, censure which is better found,
Much to possesse, and nethlesse liue in neede;
Or to enioy but little, and abound,
So Competence Necessities may fledge:
Brookes satisfie thirst with convenient store,
The spacious Oceans liquid can no more.

Yes, Seas may swallow, Currents seldome drowne,
This vworld includes such Gulfes of ouerthrowes,
For vwealths Deluge may ouerwhelme a Crowne,
When Desires floodsto inundations growes,
Sourging and sinking that waue-tossed minde,
VVhich failes Impossibilities to find.

And

Pouerties Patience.

And therefore Resolution, seale thy thought,
Soone to surrender thy dismembred state,
Because Contents Perfection is not bought,
Such firme Prouiso hath beene made by Fate,
VVhisper Chorebus in the eare, that Clay
Prooues loosing gamster, with a knock to play.

For knowe, Corruption will thee apprehend,
VVhen Sherife Death shall execute arrest;
And to thy sepulchre thee Captiue send,
To sojourne there, till thy Debrs be confest,
Till Summes be paid, till thou acquittance haue,
Or Creditors Release thy Credit saue.

Sword, sheath thy sharpe; it's neither edge, nor point,
Nor target, Buckler, shield, nor skill, nor might,
That giues protection to thy safest ioinr,
vvhen maistring Destinies proclame their fight,
Chalenging a Quicunque vult to play
About with them, for Conquest of the day.

Gnatho, Fates haue no eares to entertaine
The sugred phrase of soothing Parasites,
And Ostentations brauings are but vaine,
Ther's no regarde of proudest Thrafonites;
For Adulation proues but idle breath,
Great words small wind, when they sollicite death.

F.

Prostrate

Pouerties Patience.

Prostrate thy person Magnanimity;
For Pompey doth, and Potentate thou must,
Can Alexander leaue his Chivalry?
No t'is expir'd, and he dissolu'd to dust:
VVhere's he, that would Achilles armour haue?
Ajax in earth, Vllises lies in graue.

Cyrus his mouth with bowles of bloud hath fill'd,
vvhile Tomyris the royall Butler plaid;
Hell holds the Cob, that bigger barnes would build,
vvhith Soule confuting not to be denaide:
So their Desires some augmentation ment,
vvhile sleeping thus they dream'd not of content.

But Affectation, I haue past my word
To Iustice Conscience, worlds Court forsake,
vvhose Secretary Feare doth it record,
That in Contents Cell I must Mansion make,
And like a Hermit in that Residence
Be weded, and conuerse with Patience,

And from the many-headed multitude
vwill sequester my presence and estate,
In secret scene my Comedy conclude,
And priuately with Meditation mate,
Then farewell pleasure, and adew delight,
Ile yeild to Fate, that must with fortune fight.

Pompe,

Poverties Patience

Pompe, Riot, Ease, delicious, costly, vaine,
Glory, gold, my Regeneration see,
Selfe-loue, hope, pleasure, lust, desires, and gaine,
I haue subscrib'd with you at two to be,
Presumption fly with Dedalls son; and fall,
Drown'd in the sea, which men lea can call.

Intemperance, doe not on Venus looke,
Chastity I haue vow'd to deify,
And register my name in Vestas booke,
And Cupids temples, gods, and Saints denie:
No myrtle, no melodious warbling string,
Nor payre of Doves for sacrifice will bring.

Tell Danae Virginitie repelles
The goldenst shower, that from Heaven falls,
And him, that lone in Fortitude excels,
VWhere maidenhood secured is in walls,
VWhen Constancie, Faith, and Perseuerance,
The Castle guard for lifes Continuance.

Rich Tagus Runner, which with gold dost run,
I will not wash my gilded with in thee,
Beauty, which shinest to outbrave the Sun,
For thy loue Ile not Prides Corriuall bee:
The Alcumists Ile in defiance hold,
VWhich durst conuert base Objects into gold.

Pouerties Patience.

Inhumane Machetilles I will abiure,
And not be friend to Vertues enemies,
Troupes of Antagonists I will procure
To depose their presuming villanies,
Constraining them to tergiversse with mee,
When Contents prowesse shall approoued bee.

Pleasure, on Earth wormes make intestine pray,
And with thy golden baite delude the blind,
No frauds my circumvented Troy betray,
Though Synon for this Action be assign'd:
So greedily I gape not after gaine,
In short delight to swallow endlesse paine.

Syrens harmonious Sonnets founding sweete
Send no misinformation to their minde,
Which navigate their Common-wealth to meete,
And after travell Ithica to find,
Vlisses to a pillar will be bound,
That so he may escape home safe and sound.

Circe, thy Potions want effectuall power,
To intercept the passage of the wise,
Calipso's dregs cannot retard one houre
The voyage, which Discretion doth devise:
Bewitching world workes none impediment,
To stop the Mortifides resolu'd intend.

Yet

Pouerties Patience.

Yet Pouerty seemes title of Contempt,
A gracelesse word, a derogating Name,
VVhich Honours Court from presence doth exempt,
As scandall, which indignifies the same;
I haue none ensignes of apparant worth,
Nor Ornaments, to set my Person forth.

I challenge no possession of a Crowne,
vvhich earthly Realmes or Royaltie bestowes,
I feare not fatall force of Fortunes frowne,
vvhich to the proude Precipitation owes,
I sit meeke, milde, inferiour vnto all;
So low I am, lower I cannot fall.

VVith Vsurie I haue no league of loue,
vvith Pride I clayme on Consanguinity,
Yet though I cannot Fortunatus proue,
vvorlds expectation I will fallify,
And one day be possessor of that place,
vvhich holds these fronted titles in disgrace.

Fauour is but fading vncertainty,
Maiesty some decaying Monument,
Loue but a labarinth of misery,
Riches are but Administrations lent,
Then will I scorne Earths excrements, pelfe, drosse,
And, till I come to Heauen, beare my crosse.

Povertie's Patience!

Romane Carbilus first refus'd his wife
For Barrennes, but Natures bare defect:
So this world dothes our incommodious life,
Our wedlock by disuorcement to reject:
Because we doe not yeerely fructifie,
With Fortunes sprowting Prodigalitie,

Campania is not our Native seate,
VVhich the Italians indge their fertillst lands,
But I about sterilitie must beate,
And for Annuities imploy my hands:
vvhile VVealth in largest seas his ship may put,
vvith slender Hulke the Caspian streights I cut.

Aduancement, beare an eye vnto thy state,
Securelesse Royaltie, line circumspect,
Ignorance, no dominion arrogate,
Phaeton, thine Ambition correct,
If loue incensed be gainst what's desir'd,
He will confound thee, ere the VVorld be fir'd.

Empires rule not with moderate Content,
Scepters ioyne with terrestriall Diadems,
Mansolus hath but fading Monument;
Then basely I esteeme these Indy Iems,
As for all Treasures found on seas or land,
I admit none of them to touch my hand.

VVhen

Pouerties Patience.

VWhen saw the VWorld me roab'd in rich aray?
Or counterfeit in colours Elopes Py?
Or countermand earths fashions euery day;
Or with the Peacock gaze on brauery:
Or like Lisicrates, gainst Nature black
VWhite haire, that old I might seeme age to lack?

VWhen trauell'd I in vvagon, charior, Couch?
Or Abbot-like with cushions cockred ease?
Or had of Pleasures any tender touch?
Or eyes with beauteous visions did I please?
Or when my stomack did I fill and feede
vvith choise of meats, or one meale more then neede?

Lesse leaues do fitter lower shrubs become,
And lower sayles lesse boats doe better guide,
Lesse paces sooner bring the lighter home,
And safer we arrive with lower tide: (be,
Great tides haue floods, floods waues, waues dangerous
Take through the fords, if thou wilt passe with me.

Th'Egyptian Island Chemnis alwaies swimmes,
Toft herther, thether, vp and downe with wind,
So worldly loue, so VVorldlings wandring limmes.
Course to and fro Commodities to find:
Acquainted are with rarity of rest,
Feeling disturbance of care-cumbred brest.

The

Pouerties Patience.

The Cercyræi were not more perplexed
vvith warring oppositions of their foes,
Then VVealth is with inquietation vexed,
vvhile it from land to seas a coursing goes,
Sending Inquiry to descry that store,
vvhich makes the Owner to affect the more.

If in a Senate house Content could liue,
Then Office might adorne the Frankize gowne,
If that a kingdome could sufficient giue,
Then Maiestie might dignifie a Crowne:
If Fates surpris'd not men with purging fan,
Presull and Prelate were a happy man.

Centurions then might on their guards be stout,
And Generalls might troupes of Armies hold,
Iustian then were manumist from doubt,
But Death the Sheeheard playes, brings them to fold,
No Magistracie length of life can giue,
Caninus but seau'n houres did Consull liue.

The Oxe, which of Clytumnus Current drinks,
Transformed is into a Colour white,
But who so tasteth of Contentment, thinks,
Earths invitations can him not incke,
To be translated into any minde,
But those Conceyts, which Patience seekes to find.

Poueritie Patience

Although no Bacchanalls I celebrate,
To banish wit by sence-exiling wine,
Though I my stomacke doe not dedicate
To Luxury, and with the Glutton dine,
Yet doth Abstemius Christall water find,
And Curius foote to content Natures minde.

Essei were certaine Religious Iewes,
Abstaining from flesh, women, oiles, and wines,
Contenting Nature but with Dates and dewes,
Neuer kil'd fatlings, neuer robbed vines,
To flatter Palate, or feed Gluttony,
With Cates and Delicates variety.

His Kingdome rauinous Erisichon sold,
And of so many Millions kept no mine,
Exchang'd his daughter Procrea for gold,
To satishe his Royall Appetite,
Not thus content gainst Nature did rebell,
And of his owne Flesh a deuouring fell.

The Troyan horse, made by Epeus hand,
Had no such Belly Hundredsto containe,
Though it did swallow, Citty and the land,
VWhich Pryam rul'd, during his happy Raigne:
This vvoulfe, his Realme in gourmandizing spent,
Tasting no sweete Ambrosia of content.

G.

Diuine

Pouerities Patience!

Diuine Content, thine Altars Ile frequent,
Offering a mite with hand, talents with hart,
Fortune to greater gifts will not consent,
Then goddesse, let desire stand for desert;
And prooue propitious to thy poorest Saint,
That dost thy godhead with his lot acquaint.

Sweete Vertue, patronize my Patience,
Though but Beggar to Biggers I appeare,
Protect me with thy sacred Providence,
Thy Suppliants petitions loue-like heare;
And for me Glories paradize provide,
Aboue the Earth to haue me dignifie.

Dismember limbs from Body of Delight,
vvhich in times processe must disioined bee,
From Sensualitie my senses right,
vvhich may conglutinate my loue to thee;
Make perfect Vnion twixt Content and Poore,
And knit that Gordion lasting euermore.

Giue not Aboundance, lest I should forget
The Giuer, when such surplusage I see,
Giue not too little, lest I die in det,
Vnable so to tender Charons fee;
The golden Mediocrity I craue,
To quite the world, and me conduct to graue.

Powells Patience.

I couet not that penetrable way,
Divulged to the Common Multitude,
He not at passage with the Vulgars play,
But steps into the narrow streets intrude,
Not gruiuing though I leane my shoes behind,
So I the perfect path to Heauen find,

vvhat ist a pleasant iourney to enioy,
And in a painefull Inn be entertained,
Curled are lodges, that the guests annoy,
vvhere Trappells Recreation should begin,
Tread hard by day, in ease at night be found,
Lament in life for ioyes in death abound.

Imploy me not in Superfluities,
vvhose summes surcharge a well-addicted minde,
vvhich Marthas conuersation occupieth,
To prosecute such earthly suites assign'd:
Disburthen my Conceipts of worldly cares,
vvhich little Time to thinke on Tempe spare;

Let diuine Contemplations be my treasures,
And sacred songs my choicest harmonic,
And Vertues Recreation my pleasures,
And Hope the Prologue of my Comedie,
Oh with vvhat action would I grace my part,
Had I a scene according to desert;

Poverties Patience.

Pronuntiation should make Pride asham'd,
Such sweetnes in distinction, Am in gesture,
My grauity in face may not be nam'd,
Nor Ornaments introduced on my vesture;
That muddie eyes, base lamps, and earthy lights,
Durst not behold the Objects of these sights.

The Mellodie of Cherubins me grace,
And Millions of Martyrs me attend,
Societies of Angels me embrace,
Their time the Saints Communion with me spend,
And robes of Righteousnes I haue in store,
My person in Loues presence to decor.

And yet Earths Vulgars me indigne,
And on my habits call distainfull sporne,
Obraid me with odious yndecency,
But worse objections I then these haue borne;
Better Concepts I haue of rarer things,
VWhich men vnto the life of blisnings brings.

Ile conuerse with my private Pilgrimage,
Medling with Earth so little, as I may,
Let Solitarines me patronage,
Vntill by Death I Nature due repay;
Yet I with Fortunes hard encounter must,
And beare armes, till I be dissolu'd to dust.

Poverties Patience.

Let Contents Cosset guard besieged life,
Armour of Prooffe vpon my Shoulders lay,
Direct me Souldiour in this vale of strife,
On Earth my Captaines ensignes to display,
Though I vnfortunate loose gaines, gaine losse,
Vnder the durance of the hardest crosse.

Its Hart-griefe to suruey my wofull wounds,
Death-passions, but to touch my miseries;
These Troubles taste Digestions strength confounds,
Courage sits daunted at these dolefull cries,
Hell cannot adde one plague vnto my paine,
That circumsept with mischiefes thus remaine.

Earths Demogorgon armed gainst me stands,
To ruinate my Castle of Content,
Hellish Briareus with his hundred hands,
Against my Patience hath his forces sent,
But I haue vow'd to loose my life in field,
Ere tergierle, or coward weapons yield.

Triumphant Victory shall me attend,
And Confidence mine enterprife embold,
Till gloriously mine Honours doe ascend,
In Maiesties Pallace their Court to hold:

That Admiration wonder shall anew
The miracles of mine exploits to view.

Pouerties Patience,

Harpocrates thy Silence strangleth words,
vvhile hote multiplications fire Debate,
Bring flaxe to flame, and proffer Battle swords,
And Authors are of life-suruiuing hate;
There's such Omnipotence in Loyaltie,
That yielding, it obtaines the Victorie.

O it's a bloodlesse Conquest to submit,
No maymes, no martyrdoms therein are found,
Rashnes proues Argument of slender wit,
vvhile Prouidence in whole skinneres sleepeeth sound,
vwith Lawrell leaues subduing stoutest foes,
vvhile wild-heads by the eares in armour goes.

Reuenge vwith Cocyx selfe-conceit confounds,
vvhile Tyme might salue the bleeding'st iniury,
Precipitation scarred is with wounds,
vvhile Suffrance purchaseth Securitie:
O there's such Operation in Content,
That it doth right the wrongfull'st detriment.

Admit I seeme but homely in my House,
My Commons course, my food no dainty fare,
Not able lodge a Friend, nor feast a Mouse,
Next Neighbour to want Penny and Care;
Nay, Care I leaue to carking Diues charge,
vvhose treasur'd wealth his tortur'd woes enlarge.

Suruay

Pouerties Patience.

Suruay mine head, search if thine eyes can finde
True Testimonie of care-martyrd Hart,
Or Euidence of discontented minde,
Compelling Natures colour to depart,
Planting a White, resembling Northern snow,
• vvhich doth possession of grieve-rentures show.

My feature seemes as fayre, as Fatters bee,
As comely, as the grossest of the land,
As healthfull, as the Richest are to see,
Nay they'r diseasd in head, foote, face, and hand,
vvith dropsie, fleame, knobs, plurisy, and gout,
vvith falling euills, itch, and breakings out,

Humors and tumors, botches, byles, and sores
Theyr chiefeft sences dang'rously displease,
These are the issues of superfluous stores,
Surburth'ning Nature to prouoke diseafe,
To suffocate the Conduit of their breath,
vvhile Riot causeth Surfet, surfet Death.

VVealthlings suppose their parting peale they heare,
See Deaths Idea with his maze in hand,
If Bell but whisper in theyr guilty care,
Dreading that coram nobis they must stand,
And beeing culpable, to feare begin
Incuisable Iudgment for their sin.

All.

25093

Pouerties Patience.

All Obiects theyr Capacitie offend,
Least suddaine perrils should abridge theyr breath,
And Tasters must theyr trencher-meales attend,
Least nutrimentall Dyer hasten death;
A former Mouth must praizize on their meate,
And brooke their breakfast, ere they durst to eate:

Rootes, Onions, garlick, and the Hermits meale,
Proues better feasting then this dangerous fare:
vvhich seekes a scratch of Hungers nailes to heale,
And catch a wound, that bleeds with mortall care:
(Digestion) I securely vow to fast,
Ere fearfully feed on so deere repast.

Nay more, the Belly burthned, Braines are dull,
The body glutted, vices load the minde,
The head is empty, when the wombe is full,
The Corpulent doe slender knowledge find,
For Abstinence and Temperance attaine,
The marke of Honour, and the means of gaine,

A little Courage, common cloth, short meales,
Is safest Seate, best Rayment, surest health,
Not chargeably impaying Publique-weales,
And seldome damnyfying mans private weale.
It's sumptuous lodge, rich vesture, damnic fare,
That robbe the purse, and make Reuenues bare.

Dou-

Pourtrais Patience.

Double and Treble Chimneys mounting fire,
Obserue the single Hospitality,
All spent to build, and buildings to repayre,
vvhich should suppon oppressed misery,
Great halls, large tables, gold, plate, and meate;
Feed but the eye, while mouth hath nought to eate.

Apollo's diuine Oracle confer,
Aged Aglaus farre more fortunate,
Then was king Gyges in his royall rest,
Amidst the mountaines of his lofty state,
Aglaus ne'er past limits of his land,
Gyges detained all that came to hand.

Agathocles mongr his Syccanian Lords
Did earthen Vessells at his table vie:
Like president Persenna King affords,
To teach that none Hamillity refuse:
In iewells their Ability might eate,
But they discern'd it betred not the meate.

Poyson is powred in the golden Cuke,
The Aconite in richest Bowles is laide,
As with soule treason vnder fairest trace;
So worldlings are in costly Cups betraide,
Fie on those goods, though glorious to be scene,
vvhich haue Efficientes of destructions beene.

H.

King

Bountie's Patience

King Dionisius knoweth the restless state,
VVhich to the perrill Potentates possesse,
Experience taught him in what dangerous gate
They enter, which to Kingdomes haue access,
While by a haire the naked Sword hangs downe,
Ready to fall vpon the Princes Crowne.

What prooues Aboundance but abundant Care?
vvhat's vvealths Plenty but Poverty of Rest?
Treasures are tortures, which doe neuer spare
vvith ledde thoughts to operate our best,
Elect Riches of a diuine sort,
Chooſe Burthens which thou better maist support.

Content in Celles ſeemes richer by degrees,
Then Diſcontent in thron'd in Courts of Kings,
One diſh of fruite more worth then twenty Meſſes,
Sufficient conſiſts not in many things,
Nought is inough for him that wanteth nought,
Much is too little, whereas more is ſought.

Reſolue me vvorldling, midſt thy goods, and ground,
Heards, Flockes, Corne, Oyle, Fruits, Silver, Gold, & gaine,
What Contentation in this ſtore is found,
But Competence, wherewith liſe to ſuſtaine?
Will not this gilt, prooue Guiltines of minde,
VVhen thing Accompt thoue ſhall vvorthy finde?

Pouerties Patience!

Miser, durst so much on one mouth bellow,
As might a pettie-Commonwealth suffice?
vvhhat doth Possession such Renewes owe
Vnto one Helluo's hellish Auarice?
Condition knowes, thou hadst it to impart,
Some portion thereof to the needy hart.

So Admiration once beheld an Asse
Loaden with rost, burthned with costly meate,
VVith curbing bit in mouth the plaines to passe,
Finding not nettles, hay or grasse to eate,
His fortunes did some vvorldlings imitate,
That fooles and beggars are in richest state.

That pine in plenty, starue amidst their store,
That want in vvealth, and in abundance neede,
That maugre Superfluities seeme poore,
And Nature with no Cogentation feede:
Man's hart so small gorg'd not a time one houre,
Yet would it Earths Circumference deuoure.

Must Man needs drossly Muck his Maister make,
vvhich Fortune hath apprentiz'd for a slave?
And can Humanity with Patience take,
That Basenes should of him Dominion haue?
I dare not call thee Asse, but aske thy selfe,
VVhat cares thou hast, that tharknest to be pelfe.

Pouerties Patience.

Doth many purposes encrease might?
Doth wealth imagine to disferd in wit?
Haue Riches Confidence to conquer Right?
Doth gold boue Vertue vnder take to sit!
Fie, will Moria shoot beyond her aime?
And challenge more then iustly she can claime?

How should Humanity it selfe behaue,
And not with Oppositions be oppress,
His scourged ship from Scilla's throte to saue,
In harbour of Security to rest?
Vaine Desperation seemes in misery,
More vaine Presumption in prosperity.

Pryam, that princely Countenour of Troy,
Father of Sonnes coequalizing Kings,
In the maturity of rarest ioy,
Midst tenure of instalewable things,
Was slayd, and Time by Destiny defer'd,
To haue his murtherd Maistie inter'd.

Hector his Honor had Time bestowed successe,
Prince of the worthies, Mars for Chivalrie,
Was impotent Fortune force to suppress,
And must shake hands with like Aduersity,
Bearing the burthen of vnprosperous fate,
To make vnquietly Period of his life.

Pouerties Patience.

The Citty flow'd with teares at this distresse,
Griefe sounded Clamours at his ouerthrow,
And Cordiall Dolours did their harts possesse,
Sith youth did leuy debts, which Age should owe,
An hundred noble Courages did quaille,
And thousand Ladies did his losse bewaile.

No princely Pompe can Potentates secure,
No earthly Kingdomes can eternize life,
Prosperitie no safety can assure,
Sith Fortune hath his frownes, Atrops her knife,
Two too inexorable still haue been,
That blind Director, and that fatall Queene.

These Two vncertaine are, yet certaine bee,
Fortunes pleas'd helpe, Fortunes displeas'd hate,
The Destinies are bribed by no fee,
To lengthen life, or dayes to breuiate:
No terme hath interest in their good will,
They saue in shipwracks, and in harbour kill.

Now Demonax should proue a Puritan,
Instruſted by Philosophy to hate,
Siluers receipt in tyme of Adrian,
Vnfit to be these Money-mongers mate,
vvhich mortgage Soules, and their Salvation drowne,
In depth of dining for a golden Crowne.

Pouerties Patience.

Concupiscence with Lucre falls in loue,
Demonica durst Ephesus betray,
If Brennus will a bounteous Briber proue,
Treasons demands with treasures sums to pay;
Eryphale will haue her husband sold,
while gold blinds worldlings, worldlings grope for gold.

Tempration, vanish, with seducement die,
vvhich golden Mountaines durst by promise giue,
Suggesting Common-wealths of Dignitie,
vvhile as thy Creditors in scandall liue;
For what proues glory on an Empyre placed,
But plodded meanes to make a man disgraced?

Don Romulus no fallacies could find,
But Brothers death, poore Rhemus must be slaine,
To satisfie his all-affecting minde,
Moeties seemed insufficient gaine,
Daily the Diadem as fayre appears
Vnto his lustfull eyes, as second yeeres;

Therefore enacts, that such as should ascend
The Romane walls, this scale with death should buy,
To Celer this obseruance doth commend;
Rhemus gets vp, dreading no trechery,
vvhich deare attempt exhausts his dearest life,
Concluding so that twin-borne Brethrens strife,

Mis-

Pouerties Patience.

Mismurdred Rhemus; by this tyme thou knowst
Dignities valew, fading fruits of gaine,
vvhhat satisfaction thou to Honour owst,
And what preferment Scepter-sutes attaine;
Oh if that Brother spare not Brothers blood,
At Aliants hands who expects any good?

A vvolf in woods, them equally did nurse,
But Romulus retain'd the woluishe minde,
Lamb-natur'd Rhemus might his fortunes curse,
while Destinies had such euents assign'd,
One kingdome is not capable of twaine,
One Temple cannot Abel hold and Caine.

The beauteous Solstice of a Crowne doth blind
The clearest Argus eyes, that euer line,
what man is he, that might a kingdome find
And Parents, Children, Brethren, would not giue?
Princedomes seeme sweet pills, pleasant is a Crowne,
He that hath no throat would them swallow downe.

Yet lofty Cedars ouerthrowne are found;
with boistrous blasts of ruine threatening winde,
when Iunipers stand stedfast on their ground,
And seates of surer Residence doe finde,
Fortune Presumption to preferment calls,
To giue the heedlesse Climbers headlong falls.

Profit

Pouerties Patience.

Profit pronoketh, bids the Niggard hold;
Pleasure perswadeth, motiue Method speakes,
Diues will hoord, though hange in Hell for gold;
Epicures gourmandize, though Belly breakes:
From sugred baits what caueats can forbid,
Though thousand harmefull hookes lie vnder hid?

Darius will his Horsmans Counsell vse,
Processe of his Direction execute,
vwill not Oebares decretalls refuse,
If his deuise him Ruler constitute,
If Horses bray may him proclyme a King,
He puts in practise the ignoblest thing.

Philoxenus the Parasite did with
His throat in length a Cranes neck might exceed,
To feele the pleasures of the sweetest dish,
Taste pleasant drinke his appetite to feede:
with Phago placing his felicity
And summum Bonum in his glory.

Few with Phraortes worship Temperance,
Sardanapalus liues effeminate,
Scyron hardneth his thieueish Countenance,
Romane Sarmantus proues a scoffing mate,
And none with Zeno that Content desire,
vvhich Horace of Mecenas did inquire.

when

Pouerties Patience

VVhen Zancles hundred foure yeares had furui'd,
vvhich tearme doth nought but imperfections gaine,
Nature a Miracle in him contriu'd,
Making his iawes young teeth anew retaine,
Such is the Custome of the vvorldly minde,
That loosing life, Aboundance seekes to find.

Yeares Parents are of Mutability,
And Mutability Natures decay,
Time is the Trumpettour of secrecie,
Though Reuelation plead vpon delay,
The ey-deluding shewes are shadowes found,
Mortality to Disolution bound.

Pallaces, Temples, Castells, Citties, Townes,
Towers, and Turrets equall to the skies,
Subuerted by resistlesse fortunes frownes,
Leaue nought, which their memorialls testifie;
Haruest, and hooke those fertill furlongs grace,
VVhere vvalls and vvindowes once had royall place.

King Pryams Parlour made an Hearbory,
VVith Floras fauours seemes red, white, and Greene;
Those halles with fruits and flowers fructifie,
VVhere quondam Lordings princely to be seene,
Led Courtly dances in their Ladies hands,
Like Thetis tripping on the silver sands.

I.

Honour

Pouerties Patience.

Honour is but a worthlesse word of grace,
To sooth Ambitions praise-attending eares:
Beauty but Blossomes in a flourishing face;
And Pleasures but delights commixt with feares;
Then Honour, Beauty, and Delight are vaine,
Sith in them all no Certainty doth raigne.

Diogenes once passing neare to Hell
Beheld Mydas, that sometime liu'd a King,
Now in Infernall Beggery to dwell,
Base, ragged, dispossess of eu'ry thing;
And laughing said, ah ah my golden Asse,
If possible the vworld comes thus to passe?

The Sequels of precedent Pleasures mooue
Purification to relinquish drosse,
And earthly approbations to disprooue,
And make concealment of apparant crosse,
Sith Rich are poore, and Poore are rich at last,
VVhen fatall lots are on our limits cast.

Lazarus midst his suts of miseries
Sollicited the Gluttons carelesse gate,
Diues in flames of Phlegeton now cries;
Not heard of him, whom he heard not of late;
The law of Talio like for like doth pay,
To quite all kindnes there succeeds a day.

Sith

Pouerties Patience.

Sith Cornucopiae fill'd with fruitfull things
To Penury by Destination turnes:
Sith Riot vnexpected Damage brings,
Sith ceasing Ease in ceaselesse torments burnes:
Pleasures and Plenties Ile not Comforts call,
But Perturbations, and forsake them all.

In sack and Cinders Ile inuested bee,
Part of my limbs vncoverd in the cold,
Ile not my body cloth beneath my knee,
That earthen eies may clayen feet behold;
To note (sub they resemble brittle sand)
That I on Frailties weake foundation stand.

That liuing man may dying mould respect;
Though Power cannot Impotence preuent,
It may repaire some Naturall defect,
That sinfull Soule die not impenitent:
Our manhood weake our matter being dust,
Subiect to Death, to Mother Earth we must.

Nestor suruiuing Natures common length,
Nor Agamemnon with his Maiesty,
Nor Polyphemus with robustous strength
Can countermand the Doome of Destiny:
Fire can the hardest vwood to cinders burne,
And Time the strongest flesh to Ashes turne.

Poverties Patience.

There shall no Partiality be shewne,
But Kings and Clownes in one Condition bee;
Twixt Court and Cottage no distinction knowne,
Betweene the high state and the low degree:
For Irus dies, and Crochus doth no lesse,
Wit, Beauty, Honour, VVealth must make a melle.

Then ringed Fingers gloriouse with gold,
Then curst Tresses beautifull by Art,
Then fashions, and ruffes ranked fourfold,
Then locks and looks winnes of proudest hart,
Then painted Cheekes, roling eyes full of lust,
Shall perishe, rot, consume, and come to dust.

Then Helen lustfull VVenerie shall rue;
And Clytemnestra abjure homicide,
vvhose murderous hands her louing husband slue,
That thought in safety with his wife to bide:
And Gyant Cacus curse vnlawfull gaines,
vvhen Pluto payes the stipend of his paines.

And Nero shall lament midst tearfull flood,
VVhose Rigour lifes effusion did affect,
Dayly exhausting many Millions blood,
VVhich Tyrant he in Iustice should protect;
Medea lothe her Necromantick spell,
For Magicke Art when vvitches burne in hell.

Tell

Poverties Patience.

Tell Rhodope the Harlot, how she spent
Charaxus patrimony, Chattels, goods,
And him forthwith to Seas a Pirate sent,
His fortunes to experience in the floods;
And aske her, whether there will come a day,
For pleasures and extortions vs to pay.

One Continent must Alexander hold,
VVhom many Prouinces could not containe,
That wept, and weeping his Attendants told,
He grieu'd least he none other World should gaine,
To chronicle the Conquests of his hands,
Because the whole vworld Phillips subiect stands.

Admonish thus a VVorldlings climbing minde,
That Destinies doe his desires deride;
Thou at his hands Ingratitude shalt find,
And he will thy Directions not abide;
But with the Adder stops indocile care,
Vnwilling wisest charmers voyce to heare,

Folly hath got a habit on their head,
This head misguides the selfe-conceited will,
The living meditate not on the dead,
But full with errors their affections fill,
Yet where is safety, health, ioy, comfort, ease,
Or Contentation, which can last and please?

Pouerties Patience.

Then blessed Patience, fortunate Content,
Sitting inferiour to the lowest seate,
Priuiledge from externall Accident,
vvhich doth with Fortunes scourges VVorldlings beate: :
The Poore's but poore how euer Tempests blow,
But Rich-men may strange alterations know.

What Metamorphosis will then be scene,
vvhhen Pilgrims princelike shall inthroned stand,
And shall line Regents, which haue Vassals beene
Holding a scepter in immortall hand;
Then gold for drosse, and glory for disgrace,
Equall to Saints the meaneft shall embrace.

VVhen fading Bala shall ceaselesse blessings bring
Then farewell vvinter of Aduersityes,
vvhhen Flora with her euerflowring spring,
All seasons, Sommer, Autumne dignifyes:
Then particolour'd flowers, and the rose,
Shall feede eyes humour, and delight the nose.

Then strained Mellodie shall pierce our eare,
vvhose sence from eare descenderh to the hart,
vvhhen songs for sighes, and mirth for mones we heare,
vvho would not with vvith vsto beare a part?
Griue not, though now discords of tunes abound,
This iarring one day will be musick sound.

Pouerties Patience.

Soule sequester thy thought from vanitie,
vworldly Aduancement in dishonour hold,
And doe not Angerona dignify,
Although she proffer pleasures manifold:
If thy Desires on earth their pleasures take,
Twill cost thy life, before thou canst awake.

An Oracle Protefilaustold,
That what Greeke first entred the Troyan land,
Should die, which danger could not him with-hold
But he first takes this enterprise in hand;
The prophecies accordingly succede,
For Hector kild him that perform'd that deed.

Beware by this example, how thy minde
Aduenture make for transitory things,
For subtyle Fates the secret'st searcher finde,
And finding him, ad respondendum brings.
Possesse not, but passe through this earthly cell,
vwhere no Contents, but misadventures dwell.

Here's nought but passions, penury, and paine;
Sicknes, and sorrowes, slaunders, rumours feares,
Drudgings, and grudgings, enuy, strife, disdain,
Domage, and discontents, frownes, terrours, reares,
Prisonment, poyson, cauills, curse, and crosse,
Seruitude, thralldoms, labours, dolours, losse,

Here's

Pouerties Patience.

Heer's nought but filth, and frailty, griefes, and galls,
Troubles, and trauels, force, fraud, wrath, and wrong,
Folly, and frensy, snares, cares, climbing, falls,
Shew me a man amongst Mortalls, that's so strong,
vvhich can support the burthen of one day,
That doth all these loads on his shoulders lay.

Atlas, that beareth Heauen on his back,
Presumeth not this waight to undertake,
Invincible Sampson would finewes lack,
which for this durance might him able make:
These all so insupportable appeare
That Gyants would their impositions feare.

Hercules toyles in-number, Nature, name,
Cannot with these discouragements compare,
Theyr name to tasks, to twelue their number came,
Theyr nature bridled with a little care;
Part wrought with force, part wrought with fallacies,
But these pretend impossibilities.

They seeme as odious as the Gorgons head,
As terrible as ramping Lyons iawes,
Or Cocatrice whose sight brings fatal dread,
As horrible as were the Harpies clawes,
That doubt before, behind misfortune stand,
Despayre about, dangers on eu'ry hand.

Pouerties Patience.

Yet Patience in a Castell of content
Wincks at these Obiects, ouer-heares the sound,
But waighes not words of the Impatient,
Whose spirits full of discontent abound.
If smile to see the Corporall fill with feede,
Laugh to behold the wealthy stand in neede.

Empty-way-faring men with pencelesse purse
Durst sing in thieues presence dischar'd of feare,
When full Powch doth his Misaduentures curse,
And (will he, nill he) for a passe paies deare,
That Pouerty returneth safer home,
Then Riches with such royalty can come.

Armath'oes ride on rocks, ships sink in sands,
Meet with stormes, tempests, gulfes, vnprosperous winde,
VVhen safely Pinnages arriue to lands,
And wished Calmes for Nauigation find;
Charibdis, Scylla, Syrtes, wracks, and waue,
On lowly Barkes no lofty power haue.

If Adam through forbidden fruite for sooke
Those Eden pleasures of felicity,
If that Lots wife for one retorted looke
In pillar of Salt found such misery;
These Sodome apples I will not behold,
That inward are but dust, though outward gold.

K.

Vertue

Pouerties Patience.

Vertue ioyne hand in hand with Pouerty,
And we will walke secur'd from bonds of feares,
Not surpris'd with preventing misery,
Till Iubile proclaime these ioyfull yeares,
vhen we in Heaven shall be resident,
To reape the fruits of Patience and Content.

Arthur Warren.

FINIS.

